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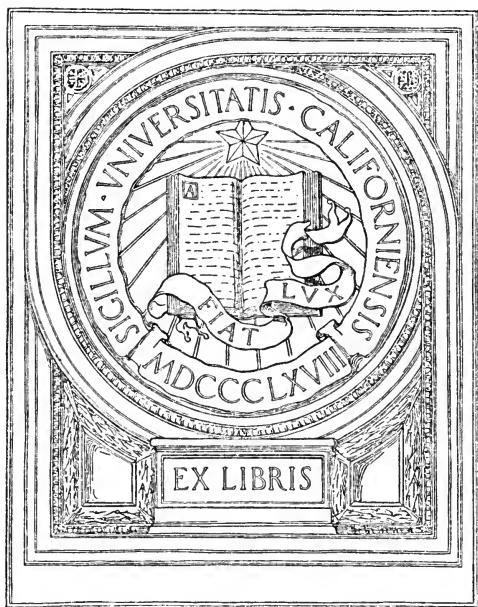
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HIGHER - WATER.



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THE SONG

OF

HIGHER-WATER,

BY

JAMES W. WARD.

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Mus in gurgite fluminis.

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ROBERT H. JOHNSTON & CO.,  
NEW-YORK.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.,  
CINCINNATI.

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1868.

70 1941  
August 10

## ONE WORD.

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THERE is no offence in this bit of trochean verse ; not the least in the world. That it is “after” Hiawatha, by Longfellow, is apparent enough ; as a matter of fact, just three days after ; that length of time having intervened between the appearance of that charming and popular poem, and the reading of this production to some of the author’s friends. The idea of ridiculing or caricaturing Mr. Longfellow is too inconsequent and unjust an inference to require formal refutation. That gentleman is far above the reach of such ill-natured assaults.

The suggestion *propter hoc*, the intentional imitation, is admitted. The writer, then residing in Cincinnati, the locality of the events related, was suddenly struck with the subject, and, already afloat upon the rhythmical flow of the Hiawathian verse, his thoughts yielded to the alluring current and took “the form and pressure” of the occasion ; so far, at least, following Mr. Longfellow’s happy lead.

Ils le suivirent toujours,  
Tant qu’ il marcha devant.

This "parody" never had, with the author's consent, more than its original newspaper circulation. It is now printed in the present more presentable form, because some person, from motives, the rectitude of which is not self-evident, has surreptitiously published an imperfect edition of it, which, I am informed, he is selling for his own account. Should any one wish to purchase any copies of this edition, they can be obtained by addressing the publishers ; though it is chiefly issued for private distribution.

J. W. W.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1868.

## THE SONG OF HIGHER-WATER.

---

And they said, "O, good lagoon  
Tell us now a tale of wonder;  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily."

*Hiawatha.*

### I.

In the town where swine are slaughtered—  
Town or city, matters little;—  
Whose fair streets—at least 'tis thought so  
By the sparkling wits of Gotham—  
Shining lights, those wits of Gotham—  
Whose fair streets with blazing pig-tails,  
Bobbing round like jack-o-lanterns,  
Are illuminated nightly;  
Saving when, by calculation,  
By the calendar computed,

'Tis the lawful turn of moonshine—  
In the town—well, call it city,  
Where the champagne will be *Long worth*  
Quite as much as Hock or Heidsick,  
And the fruity pale Catawba  
Bears the *flag* against all rivals ;  
Where contractors' speculations,  
Unlike those of York or Boston,  
Best succeed without the esses ;—  
Where there are more men than women  
In the wedding season wedded :—  
Where no wind-bags are inflated,—  
Where musquitos, gently humming,  
Lull the ears of drowsy toilers,  
Sweetly to their nightly slumbers ;—  
Where the people all are pious,  
And the hams are not *West failures* ;—

In the city, standing queenly,  
Queenly standing, young and giddy,  
On the banks of O-pe-he-le—  
O-pe-he-le, fickle river,  
Called in vulgar tongue, Ohio—  
River never stationary,  
Up to-day and down to-morrow ;  
Like the bonds of tardy railroads,  
Changing monthly, changing hourly ;—

In the city where the cut-throats,  
Flourishing their knives and cleavers,  
March, in fierce procession, yearly ;—  
In the city, by its sniveling,  
Snobby, and officious neighbors,  
Called, impertinently, Sintown ;—  
There, O reader, fair or learned,  
There occurred, if you'll believe it,  
What I now am going to tell you,  
What I now have come to tell you.

## II.

'Tis a strange surprising ditty,  
'Tis a most uncommon story ;  
It will calm you, it will soothe you,  
It will charm you into slumber,  
This my song of Higher-water.  
You shall hear it, you shall read it,  
You shall listen while I tell it ;  
In your ears you shall receive it,  
In your hearts you shall bestow it ;  
Shall not miss it, shall not slight it,  
Shall not carelessly forget it ;  
While I sing it you shall listen,  
While you listen I shall sing it ;  
You shall wait for it no longer,  
Shall no longer live without it ;

You shall hear it, you shall know it,  
Hear this song of Higher-water ;  
Who hath ears to hear, shall hear it,  
— Though not all shall comprehend it.

In the city that I speak of,  
For its wine and swine respected,  
For its lovely ladies noted—  
Where, since art is young and artless,  
Beauty's line's a twisted pig-tail ;—  
On the landing where the steamboats  
Stop for spare-ribs and for whisky ;  
On this landing, broad and spacious,  
Stands a block of ancient buildings,  
Buildings long to fame familiar ;  
Buildings wholly dedicated,  
Dedicated, let me tell you,  
Wholly unto love, believe me,  
Love and sausages, entirely ;  
Drake could tell you all about it,  
Drake, great Drake, great Alexander,  
He could sing it, he could tell it,  
Tell you sweetly all about it.  
I, with that must not detain you,  
Hastening, rather, to conduct you,  
O confiding, trustful reader,  
To the basement of the building,



To the basement, dark and dismal,  
To the vaults and caves beneath it ;  
To the hob-o-nobs, the rat-holes,  
Where is found the hidden mansions,  
Hidden cunningly and shrewdly,  
Past all human search or brutal,  
Mansions snug, and warm, and ample,  
Of the terrible, the fearful,  
The indomitable Scag-rag ;  
Scag-rag, dreadful king of wharf-rats.

There Fitz-ou-me-ou, the tom-cat,  
Nor Ta-bi-a-tha, the noiseless,  
Neither Snar-ley-ou, the dog-fiend,  
Nor the terrier, Fiz-zeg-iz-zy,  
Could, with all their craft and cunning,  
All their snuffing, all their nosing,  
All their creeping, all their prying,  
All their digging, all their scratching,—  
Find the passage to the entrance,  
Find the entrance to the passage,  
That would lead them to the chambers  
Of the grand and grisly Scag-rag ;  
Scag-rag, fearful king of wharf-rats,  
Huge and whiskered king of big rats.

Would you know what sort of mansion

Had his majesty Norwegian?  
Shall I tell you of its arches,  
Of its spacious halls and chambers,  
Of its galleries and columns?  
How its floors are all Mosaic,  
Strange and curious Mosaic,  
Ancient shells, and ancient corals,  
Trilobites and brachiopodas,  
Horns of Jupiter, and blossoms  
Of the beautiful stone-lily;  
Intermixed with starry chrystals,  
Golden pyrites and augite?  
Shall I tell of lustrous pendants,  
Stalactites of lime and gypsum,  
From the sparkling ceiling hanging?  
How they corruscate and glitter,  
How they shine and how they twinkle  
In the soft illumination  
Of the candle-ends and stearine,  
Stolen bits of lard and tallow,  
There beneath that ancient building,  
Burning daily, burning nightly,  
Burning soft in cups of gypsum,  
With subdued and mild effulgence,  
Mild and uniform as moonshine?

You have heard it, I have told it,

I have told it as I heard it ;  
See it, madam ? no, you never,  
Will, I think, for reasons weighty.  
How I heard it ? Curious reader,  
Twas a little chirping cricket,  
Chirping softly on my hearthstone,  
Chirping sweetly through the summer,  
Cheerful, merry-hearted chirper,  
Told me one night all about it ;  
Bade me mention it to no one  
Save to you, and just one other.  
Now you know as much as I do  
Of the chambers of the wharf-rats,  
'Neath the building on the landing,  
In the love and sausage quarter,  
And we'll go on with the story ;  
Go on briskly with the story.

## III.

In his boudoir, dull and dozy,  
Nodding dreamily in silence,  
Sat the sleepy king of big rats.  
In his head, that bobbed serenely,  
With his smoking-cap upon it,  
Up and down, in dreamy vagueness,  
Great thoughts were revolving vaguely ;  
Projects vast of wealth and plunder

'Midst the wheat, and corn, and bacon,  
Lying in the cribs above him,  
Filled his breast with honest pleasure.

And not small the satisfaction  
That he felt, in contemplation,  
Placid Scag-rag, prudent monarch,  
Of his granaries and cupboards,  
Stuffed and stocked with rich provision,  
Much provision for the winter ;  
Grain and bacon, cheese and sugar,  
Rich provision for the winter.  
Happy ruler, happy Scag-rag ;  
No one to molest his people,  
No one to disturb his treasures,  
Not an enemy to harm him,  
Not a traitor to alarm him ;  
Who so safe, or so contented,  
Who so free, so comfortable,  
So benignant, so sufficient,  
So confiding, or so happy,  
As the Scag-rag, as the ruler  
Of the mighty host of big rats ?

Ah ! how every way delusive  
The beguiling dreams we cherish,  
In this vale of chance and changes !

Suddenly, O wo ! O woful !  
Suddenly his dreams are shattered ;  
Scattered are the peaceful visions  
Of the monarch of the rodents.  
Leaps into the presence wildly,  
Tail erect and eyeballs glaring,  
Pale and panting, shrinking, shivering,  
Wildly leaps into the presence,  
Scag-rag's little frightened daughter ;—  
“ Rouse thee, father ! Father, rouse thee ! ”  
Thus she cried, in tones hysteric—  
“ Father, fly, for he is coming ! ”  
“ Who is coming ? ” thus the Scag-rag ;  
“ Who is coming ? Who, thou pale one ?  
Dost thou hear me ? Answer, maiden !  
Who ! ” — “ Why papa ” — “ Who ! ” — “ Yes, papa,”  
“ Who, I tell thee ! ” — “ Higher-water ! ”

Up then jumped Scag-rag, the big rat,  
From his throne jumped down in fury ;  
Leaped upon his nimble hind-legs,  
Said a word profane and haughty,  
And strode up to Mi-mi-na-ni,  
His young daughter, Mi-mi-na-ni,  
Shivering there, in pallid terror,—  
With his forepaw, quick and angry,  
Spanked her roundly ; yes, believe me,

In his anger spanked her smartly.  
Ah! that passion should provoke us  
Thus to do the thing we should not!  
Not a word said Mi-mi-na-ni,  
Timid, trembling, Mi-mi-na-ni,  
But into a corner, weeping,  
Slunk away, abashed and weeping.  
“Cease!” ’twas thus went on the Scag-rag—  
“Cease your miserable prating!  
Let no cringing, whining, rattling  
Talk to me of fear and running,  
Talk to me in childish terror  
Of the paltry Higher-water!  
Hark ye, Miss, what now, I pray thee,  
Knowest thou of Higher-water?”  
“Nothing much, sir, only I have  
Sometimes heard my mother tell, sir,  
Frightful stories of his doings.”  
“Ah! you have—aha! is that it!  
That, indeed; but what, pray tell me,  
Puts him now into your noddle?”  
“In the store, sir, up above us,  
As I sat beneath the counter,  
Kind-a-doing nothing, only  
Nibbling at a box of raisins,  
One said, talking to another—  
Talking rather thick and muddy—

‘Faith, I’m thinking Higher-wather’s  
Coming down upon us, Jimmy,  
Coming sure enough, by jabbers ;’  
And I thought I’d let you know, sir.”

“Fiddle-faddle, Yankee Doodle !”

Thus the Scag-rag was affected  
By his timid daughter’s tidings ;

“Fiddle-faddle, let the cowards  
Show their”——Here his idle jargon

Was cut short by one who entered,  
Entered firmly, bowing lowly,

Said in accents quite emphatic,

“Sire, above it is reported”——

Scag-rag heard no more ; no further

Listened to the herald’s story ;

Left him there, and to the house-top,

To the top of hotel sausage,

Ran as fast as ever rat did.

What he saw must be omitted ;

’Tis enough, he soon descended ;

Raging, rushed upon the landing,

Tossed his cap in wild defiance,

Cried aloud in hostile valor,

Filled with daring, filled with courage,

All his monarch nature bubbling,

Bubbling in his bosom proudly ;

On a whisky barrel mounted,  
With his form erect and lofty,  
While the billows broke around him,  
While the waters dashed below him,  
While the buzzard screamed above him,  
While the darkness deepened o'er him,  
And the winds his gray locks scattered,—  
Cried aloud in key terrific,  
Bravely cried in tones majestic,—

“Ho! thou swaggering Higher-water!  
Ho! thou sloppy, swashy swell-head!  
Driveling, water-gruel flunkey!  
Shallow fish-slop, squirting bully!  
Ho! thou slimpy, dribbling milk-sop!  
Do I see thee, do I know thee?  
Do I shun thee, do I fear thee?  
Comest thou to jest and drivell,  
To affright us, to o'erwhelm us  
With your wishy-washy puddle?  
Sneaking, sniveling marauder,  
Muddle-headed fillibuster,  
Think you that the race of Scag-rag  
Can be terrified by humbugs?  
We await thee, we defy thee,  
Do not dread thee, do not flee thee,  
Do not fear to meet or fight thee;



Show us now thy biggest figure,  
Puling, water-gruel swell-head!"

## IV.

Be not weary and I'll tell you,  
Tell you if you are not weary,  
Of the mighty Higher-water ;  
Higher-water, swelling proudly,  
Proudly swelling down the valley.  
On the white wave he descended,  
On O-wah-te-paw the white wave.  
With him came the whirling eddies ;  
Came with him Ker-chunk the big stump ;  
Came the rolling logs O-wah-sis ;  
Came the snags the Jag-ger-nag-gers ;  
Came Sca-wot-che-te the drift wood ;  
Came Ka-ric-ke-ty the fence rails ;  
Came the corn-stalks, came the bark-wood ;  
Came a pitching mass of plunder,  
Crooked roots, and branches scraggy,  
Bean poles, splinters, hoops and barrels,  
Hen-coops, empty troughs and stubble,  
Big sticks, little sticks, and shavings ;  
Swimming, driving, butting, pitching,  
Rolling, piling, thumping, smashing,  
Heaving, tumbling, spinning, crashing,  
Hither, thither, this side, that side—

What confusion, what a tumult,  
What a roaring, what a surging,  
What a mighty rush of waters,  
What an army of destruction,  
Coming down in wrath and fury,  
Coming down the handsome river,  
Coming down with Higher-water,  
Filled with raging, mad with fury,  
Rushing down to fight the big rats;  
To o'erwhelm the skulking wharf-rats  
In an all-destroying deluge.

On the mid-most, top-most billow,  
On the wave that surged the highest,  
On O-wah-te-paw, the White-Wave,  
Seated on a bridled Cat-fish,  
On Soc-dol-o-ger, the Cat-fish,  
Rode, with bearing majesterial,  
Fearful, unrelenting brigand,  
Rode the lofty Higher-water;  
Just behind him with the baggage,  
Swam Mik-nok, the snapping-turtle,  
Swam behind him with the baggage,  
Mik-nok, prince of snapping-turtles.  
Thus he came, was thus attended,  
He, the ruthless Higher-water,  
Sweeping down the handsome river.

Fled the minks, and fled the musk-rats,  
Fled the craw-fish in their terror,  
Fled the otters, fled the beavers,  
Fled the snakes, and fled the field-mice ;  
All was flight, and haste, and panic,  
As the gathering force swept onward ;  
Not a creature stayed or lingered,  
Not a stump could keep its footing,  
Not a plank of any platform  
Could maintain its loose position ;  
Every thing was put in motion,  
As the flood poured down the valley.

“Fly, thou sniveling, grisly squealer!”

Thus replied my Higher-water,  
Fiercely, to the haughty Scag-rag ;  
“Fly! take in thy tail, and scatter!  
I will wash thee, I will drown thee,  
Drown thee like a mewling kitten ;  
Drown thee, pitiful corn-stealer,  
Drown thee dead in thy own cellar ;  
Prowling pick-thief, sneaking beggar,  
Paltry, squeaking intermeddler,  
Greasy vagabond, I’ll wash thee,  
Drive thee from thy filthy kennels,  
Thee and thy whole race of vagrants.  
Fly, I say, infatuate pigmy !

Fly, or infamously perish !

Would you rather stand and banter,

Would you rather stand and bluster,

Would you rather fight and perish ?

Then bring forth your mob and try me ;

Hither bring them now and try me :

Black rats, grey rats, wharf-rats, musk-rats,

Skunks and ground-hogs, shrews and pole-cats,

Hither bring your ragamuffins ;

Bring them forth from sewer and cellar,

Ditch and gutter, wharf and mud-hole,

Bring them hither now and try me ;

Let them meet me, let them fight me ;

Let them back your giddy gabble,

Let them prove your lying twaddle !

*Jam feu ! mus Ohioensis !*"

"Ho !" said Scag-rag, mildly musing ;

So this valiant speech had calmed him—

"Hi !" said Scag-rag, deeply pondering ;

"I will show this frothy beauty,

This high strung, ill-mannered braggart,

Show him something, I am thinking,

Something will, I think, surprise him ;

Teach him something that he knows not,

Something will surprise him vastly ;

Will astound him, will confound him,

Will, I think, astound him vastly ;  
We shall see ; Yes, yes—I smell a—”  
Rat, he might have said, but didn’t ;  
Lashed his tail and down he scampered,  
In his soul profoundly musing.

Not to gather up the forces  
Named in scorn by Higher-water ;  
Not to rouse his ranks to battle ;  
No, not that ; Oh, no, great Scag-rag  
Was too wise for that, believe me ;  
You shall see, sublimest Scag-rag  
Was too deep for that, believe me.

## V.

In a secret, quiet recess  
Of the subterranean palace  
Of the most sagacious Scag-rag,  
Scag-rag, prudent king of wharf-rats,—  
There you’ll find, if once you get there,  
Find the secret court and chapel  
Of the priests of Bam-ba-loo-za ;  
Bam-ba-loo-za, great forerunner,  
Ancient founder, of the empire  
Of the universal big rats.

There the priests, discreet and holy,  
Round about the altar, daily,  
Walk and chant their incantations,  
Clad in robes of milky whiteness;  
Chant their charms and divinations  
Round about the altar daily ;  
While the snowy inflorescence  
Of the pure and feathery gypsum  
Glitters on the roof above them,  
In the light that gloweth ever,  
With a pale and tranquil beauty ;  
In the silence, hushed and solemn,  
Of that dark, secluded chapel,  
Glowing steadily, forever.

Twenty priests in slow procession  
Make the never-ending circuit  
Of the sacred altar, daily ;  
There, too, in a distant alcove,  
One bright beam upon them shining,  
Making deep and living shadows,  
Sat, with folded arms, three others,  
Three pre-eminently holy,  
Who, for service long and faithful,  
Had received the gift of power ;  
Power of action and of suffering,  
Power of duty and of triumph,

Power resistless and unyielding ;  
Gift supreme, supreme endowment  
Of the ancient Bam-ba-loo-za,  
To the wisest and the truest,  
To the purest of his children ;  
Grand arch-nibblers, sacerdotal  
Mumbo-jumbie mopes and dreamers.

Silent sat the chosen trio,  
Full of patience and devotion,  
Full of peace and resignation,  
Waiting for the day of trial,  
For the hour of fear and peril,  
When their people, when their brethren,  
When the land of their affection,  
Should demand the intervention  
Of their energetic functions,  
Of their wonderful endowments ;  
Should arouse them, should command them,  
From their solitude should call them,  
Calling for their aid and succor.

Waiting thus, but scarce expecting  
Quite so sudden to be summoned,  
There the wrathful Scag-rag found them ;  
Peeped into the door and called them ;  
Called them with a voice commanding,

Firm with strong imperial passion ;  
Told them of their country's peril,  
Bade them hasten to the rescue ;  
Not a moment stop to parley,  
Not a moment stop to ponder,  
Not a question, not an answer,  
Only understand, and follow ;  
He would lead them, he would guide them,  
He would show the way of duty,  
He would point the path of glory,  
'Twas for them to hear and follow.  
Up then got those holy hermits,  
Not a moment stopped to parley,  
Not a moment stopped to ponder,  
But their monarch followed, straightway,  
To the glorious field of duty.

## VI.

Still descending, higher, nearer,  
Swelled and hastened Higher-water ;  
Coming down with haste and fury,  
On the city swift advancing,  
Threatening havoc, threatening ruin,  
Waste and havoc, sack and ruin,  
To the city standing queenly  
On the bank of O-pe-he-le.  
Ah! Alas!—what surging peril,



Swift as ocean's breaking billows,  
Sweeps, with wreck and gloom portentous,  
On that unoffending people :  
People kind and hospitable !

“ Shall it be so—shall he do it !  
Shall he bring this devastation  
On the city of my people,  
On the people of my city ? ”  
Said the noble-minded Scag-rag,  
Speaking nobly with his heart full ;  
“ Shall this pompous knavish brigand,  
Bring his filthy puddle hither  
O'er the helpless town to pour it ?  
Driving us to double danger,  
Cats and brick-bats on the land side,  
On the river side, destruction  
From the drowning flood of waters ?  
Oh ! forbid it, Bam-ba-loo-za !  
Men of mighty gifts, forbid it ;  
Yours the power is, yours the duty,  
You alone the land can rescue  
From this imminent disaster ;  
See, the path of glory opens,  
Leading up to your hereafter ;  
All unknown in that fair region  
Phosph'rous, arsenic or strychnine ;

There the tit-bits are not fatal,  
There no cats or traps shall fright you,  
There no terriers shall pursue you,  
There no treachery betray you ;  
There the cheese is never toasted,  
There the holes are never washed out ;  
This the land is that awaits you ;  
Be unflinching in your duty,  
And to you the gates celestial  
Shall, like pantry doors, be opened,  
And the hand of Bam-ba-loo-za  
Shall receive you, shall conduct you  
To the good things there provided."

Ah ! my children ! ah ! my readers !  
Could you but have seen and heard him,  
Heard the patriotic Scag-rag  
Thus harangue those sturdy martyrs,  
Thus encourage, thus assure them,  
Would you, could you—think, I pray you—  
You whose hearts are kind and gentle,  
Could you e'er again have pelted  
His ill-treated race with brick-bats ?

## VII.

You shall hear the strange conclusion  
Of this most surprising story.

See, upon the waters swimming,  
Swimming boldly on the waters,  
By their steady tails directed,  
Straight as goes a line of railroad,  
Tow'rd the middle of the river  
Go the holy three together ;  
Side by side together swimming,  
Firm in faith and strong in courage,  
Never wavering, never doubting,  
Never questioning or pausing,  
To the middle of the river  
Onward move these three together.

There they took a moment's breathing,  
Paused in lofty resignation,  
Self-confiding, fear disdainig,  
Swam around in solemn circles,  
Softly chanting midst the waters,  
Three times round in narrowing circles—  
Then, together upward leaping,  
Turned, and downward pitching head-first,  
With their tails unto the zenith,  
And their noses to the water,  
Plunged head-first into the river—  
Down head-foremost to the bottom,  
Plunged with firm and swift precision.  
Like a spark from Daniel's battery,

Like a word from Morse's magnet,  
Like a hail stone from a storm-cloud,  
Down they went unto the bottom ;  
Never stopping, never turning,  
To the bottom, straight and steady,  
They fraternally descended ;  
Down head-foremost to the bottom ;  
E-la, Zo-ni, and the gentle  
Ma-ma-na-na, only these three ;  
Only these three, and none other,  
To the bottom of the river  
Plunged incontinently head-first.

But observe me, there they stayed not,  
Stayed there not at all, I tell you ;  
Cracked the bottom with their strong heads,  
With their hard heads, stout and solid,  
Knocked a piece out, knocked a hole in,  
And went through without a scratch, sir,  
To the Kingdom of the good rats,  
To the land of Bam-ba-loo-za.

## VIII.

Like the water through a tunnel,  
Like the water from a bottle,  
Like the water down a tin spout,

Whirling in a mighty whirlpool,  
Whirling, bubbling, gurgling, spinning,  
Through the opening swiftly sinking,  
Rushed the waters of the river,  
Of the swelling O-pe-he-le.  
They, perhaps, had gone entirely  
Through the crevice, but for one thing—  
But for one big stump that entered  
And plugged up the hole completely.

But the saucy Higher-water ?  
But the bragging Higher-water ?  
Ah ! the Scag-rag had surprised him,  
Had astonished and amazed him,  
Had, I think, surprised him vastly ;  
And Soc-dol-o-ger, the cat-fish,  
With the knave upon his shoulder,  
Turned about and fled to Pittsburgh ;  
Fallen, foolish, Higher-water !  
Home retreated in confusion,  
Ignominious Higher-water.

Was there dancing, was there feasting,  
Was there music and rejoicing,  
In the mansion of the wharf-rats,  
That night, in the house of Scag-rag ?  
Did the Scag-rag, joyful monarch,

Leap and caper, romping gallant,  
Seize the prettiest and the plumpest  
Of the fair and soft-haired daughters  
Of his loved and rescued people—  
Dash into the giddy circle,  
Whirl and waltz, and skip and frisk it,  
Gayest rogue of all the party?

'Twas the chuckling, and the laughing  
Of the merry-hearted cricket,  
Chirping gaily on the hearth-stone,  
Laughing at the recollection  
Of the frolicking he saw there—  
This it was that made me listen  
To the story he was singing,  
To the tale I have been telling.









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